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Rowe, Thaddeus H.

England's Wall Street
khe-dives

Kalamazoo

1897

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England's Wall Street khe-dives; or, The brutality of gold. Kalamazoo, 1897.

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ENGLAND'S
WALL STREET
KHE-DIVES,

— OR, —

The Brutality of Gold.

COPYRIGHTED.

1897.

— BY —

THADDEUS H. ROWE,

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

DEDICATED.

This Poem is dedicated to the business interests of my Country, as befitting this money grasping age.

I hope all that like this little work will
help extend its sale. Single copies, 25c. By
the hundred ~~25c.~~ Larger orders at fair rates.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

MICHIGAN:
KALAMAZOO GAZETTE PRINT.
JUNE, 1897.

England's Wall Street Khe-dives

Or, the Brutality of Gold.

COPYRIGHTED.

Old selfish greed had best take heed,
There's seventy million souls to feed;
And there is danger in the air,
Nor dare to grasp your neighbors' share;
Nor grasp too much and take a fall,
Like the slave holder lose your all.

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Like the slave holder lose your all.

Glad tidings to the people
When our Uncle Sam was born,
Heaven and earth rejoicing
While Gabriel blew his horn.

England's walls of Jericho
Very soon were all blown down,
Nor Khe-dive in all our land
To represent England's crown.

That was left till later days,
Until men had lost their honor;
No gold bugs yet ruled the state,
Nor yet their crimes upon her.

No robber trusts yet were known
To steal the farmer's money,
The poor were all happy then
And lived on milk and honey.

They had work all they could do,
And good wages all the time,
They wore good clothes ev'ry day
And all lived in peace sublime.

No labor strikes yet were known
Throughout this land of plenty,
Nor one crime in all our land,
Where now there's more than twenty.

They all had homes of their own
And had no house rent to pay.
Till a hoard of gold bugs came
And took all their homes away.

These vile bugs from England came,
To curse our Yankee nation;
England always hated us
And hated our creation.

Uncle Sam was a happy man
For more than a hundred years,
Till England's Wall Street Khe-dives
Came, and brought him down in tears.

They robbed him of all his gold—
More than four hundred million,
And were on a scheme intent
To steal at least a billion.

All our crops were always good—
God gives the April showers,
But there's too much cussedness
In all this fair land of ours.

Do get the wax out your ears,
And hear the eagle holler;
Ev'ry gold bug congress spends
More than a billion dollars.

Our English gold bug Khe-dives
Are all for sale—ev'ry one,
Some a little gold will buy
And others demand a ton.

Ohio's greatest financier
Heads this English flim flam game,
Pingree says that John has got
Fifteen million all the same.

The poor now in God must trust—
Gold bugs demand sound money,
And ev'ry bee in the land
To bring them all their honey.

The public press gone to hell,
To worship England's mammon,
And Grover commands the troops,
To shoot the poor with cannon.

Government by Injunction,
Is but the highwayman's plan,
To scare the common people
While he holds up Uncle Sam.

Eighteen hundred ninety-three,
A thousand banks were busted;
All this proves that these gold bugs
Can not be safely trusted.

With these English gold bug times,
Came the Pullman starving poor,
Nor more work for men to do,
Wrote on ev'ry work shop door.

Wheat and wool and cotton too,
Must be sold for one third price,
And farm labor made the slave
Of old John Bull's gold bug mice.

Love of country they have none
And at last have grown so bold,
They dare sell poor Uncle Sam
To John Bull for Rothschild's gold.

And now our dear Uncle Sam,
Between home and foreign knaves,
With sixty million children,
Must be England's gold bug slaves.

On questions of taxation,
Gold bugs are guilty of crime—
"The public and be damned"
Is their verdict ev'ry time.

If I was worth your millions,
I would be an honest man,
And pay my honest taxes
And quit cheating Uncle Sam.

There's no end to water stocks;
The people robbed of billions—
These stocks paid till all were sold,
And each had made his millions.

Starving labor drove to crime
By our English plutocrats,
Posing as Republicans,
And as gold bug Democrats.

In these flim flam gold bug days,
Poor Uncle Sam grieves him sore —
Ten million half fed children,
And of tramps five million more.

And to crime there is no end;
Gold bugs set a bad example;
Flim flam tricks in ev'ry trade,
Armor plate for a sample.

It's not hard for one to tell
Which one will cause the most pain;
The gold bug wrecks all our stocks,
And the bandit wrecks the train.

On March fourth, ninety-seven,
Again the eagle hollers;
"That gold bug goat leaves the throne
With many millon dollars."

Sharp practice men in office,
Deserve no respect at all.
All honor to honest men
Who observe the people's call.

God have mercy on that soul
That betrays the people's power,
History should mark his name
And evils done that dark hour.

Last year ten thousand murders,
And five thousand suicides;
Single gold standard dollars
And hell's overflowing tides.

Union Central Pacific
Is another fine sample,
And old credit Mobelier
Was a dreadful example.

With the single gold standard
Comes that "OLD SALARY GRAB STEAL,"
While hard labor is starving,
Officials treble their deal.

We will fight this Goliath—
Ev'ry English gold bug law,
And bat old John Bull's lion—
An old timer, on the jaw.

The worst crimes in all nations
Are the crimes in gold bug lands,
And some English Noblemen
Would do well to wash their hands.

The Pall Mall Gazette tells us
Of dear children driven wild—
The large sums these gold bugs pay
To ravish an innocent child.

That children seven years old
Could give their legal consent,
A vile brute once proposed
In their gold bug parliament.

John Bull is an old miser,
So cunning, crafty and bold,
He loves no one but himself
And worships nothing but gold.

His gold bug plans bag our game,
Because we are so simple,
And that's why "he wants no war
With English speaking people."

Pretend as much as they may,
He's no friend to Uncle Sam,
He'd cut his throat if he could—
Would ev'ry gold bug Englishman.

John Bull is an old robber,
Nor even a soul to save,
These lost tribes of Israel
With ev'ry nation their slave.

The best thing for us to do,
As we never can trust him,
Is to plot and plan some scheme
To break his neck and bust him.

We will stand by our country —
Stand by the red, white and blue,
And fight for Uncle Sam, boys
And down England's gold bug crew.

They want to ape English lords,
And play English Monarchy,
"Ner dare you slaves call us halt,
Nor dare play such anarchy."

To ape these English customs,
They want a revolution,
And a large standing army
To change the constitution.

Sixteen millions spent last fall
To carry one election,
Twenty-five millions in all
"For the farmers' protection."

They want to ape old John Bull,
Ape his gold bug robber crimes,
Correll the common people
And round them up these hard times.

They contract our currency,
To wreck and bring disorder
And to help their gold bug plans,
Panics are made to order.

But for flim flam tricks in trade,
Gold is seldom put to use;
But to flim flam the people,
It is used as an excuse.

Just be patient boys with me,
Our Khe-dives have all gone wrong;
John Bull rules in Washington
And I want to show it strong.

He stole a little island—
About as big as your hand,
From thence he rules all nations
And pirates o'er ev'ry land.

"From Greenland's icy mountains
And from India's coral strands;
From Afric's sunny fountains
Whence roll down the golden sands."

From our own dear Uncle Sam,
And from the isles of the sea,
There John Bull's gold bug pirates
Are found robbing ev'ry bee.

And there is the old green isle,
Taxed e'en down to starvation.
Nor ev'er beat warmer hearts
In all this world's creation.

One and all nations should join
And bang it to old John Bull,
Teach him to behave himself,
And give him a belly full.

If Paul Kruger will submit,
John Bull will steal the trans-vaal,
Skim the cream from ev'rything
Nor leave the dutch there at all.

There are Benedict Arnolds,
In every land and clime;
With us there are too many
That's how we got these hard times.

Our lovely girls are for sale
For worn out English titles;
It's a shame such lovely girls
To exchange for such trifles.

Our gold bugs grind mighty fine;
Church and state their grinding mills.
Most preachers love fat living
And gold bugs pay all their bills.

The old christian church is dead—
Killed by mammon loving Jews;
Between the old and new crop
Millions care not for your pews.

Nineteen hundred years ago
Christ drove them from His temple—
In these last days they return—
A tenfold worse example.

And there is our Injure-soul—
Oh he can talk so sublime,
And when he gets proper pay,
He's a gold bug ev'ry time.

Bob has made lots of money,
His toll gates run night and day,
The fools are not all dead yet
And that's how his toll gates pay.

Take whatever route you will,
Your bible is good for nix,
Bob collects toll on three roads—
Law, religion and politics.

We have suffer'd long enough,
From England's Wall Street Khe-dives
And it's time to call a halt
On ev'ry gold bug Divese.

The good book tells Divese plan—
His death—And in hell so grim,
Nor all the wealth in the world
Could satisfy one like him.

No income tax for the rich;
Collect on tea and sugar,
Hard labor pays ev'ry bill
And is the gold bugs' niggarr.

Gold is for the cowards' vault,
Shin plasters for wool and wheat;
Greenbacks are too valuable—
Any way to fraud and chat.

Now we find all o'er the land,
The unclothed and hungry poor;
Millions without work to do,
To keep the wolf from their door.

Victory will soon be ours,
The battle has just begun,
And we will fight day and night
Till the victory is won.

These vile bugs crawl into church,
Hoping to keep out of hell,
And I hope they will repent,
Love their neighbor and do well.

There's your wicked soul to save,
The devil holds the mortgage;
Let him that stole, steal no more
And pay back all his shortage.

With single gold standard times,
Three per cent is a high rate,
And must be the int'rest law
In every gold bug state.

This will give you protection,
Protection honest and true,
Nor like that tariff humbug,
That's been ever fooling you.

Poor men can tax themselves rich,
And with gold bugs go cahoots;
When a man can lift himself
By the old straps on his boots.

Three per cent. is three times more
Than ten was during the war,
With wool a dollar a pound,
Not half as hard to pay for.

With money at this fair rate,
Oh then how business will boom,
While now it is almost dead
And just ready for the tomb.

In all gold standard countries,
Two per cent. is a fair rate;
We must accept their customs
Or break your gold standard slate.

This question of fair int'rest
And of honest taxation,
Must come at once to the front,
For the people's salvation.

In times of peril and war,
As soldiers give all their life,
So the rich should give their wealth,
Without return, nor with strife.

Like our Savior on the cross,
Who suffer'd the will of God,
We defy the gold bug Jews
And the gold bugs threat'ning rod.

One gets ten million dollars
And then he wants ten times more,
Billions will not satisfy
Men launched for Rothschild's shore.

No gold bug can get such wealth
In a just and honest way;
All his cunning flim flam tricks,
He hides from the light of day.

He who dwells on heaven's throne,
Who alone can see and know;
You must yet account to him
And fly above or fall below.

Then what will rich gold bugs say—
Bribes and intimidation—
Men against their will must vote,
Or no work and starvation.

Our first greenbacks, good as gold,
Would not do, so Wall Street said;
That stops all speculation
And knocks Wall Street gold bugs dead.

Wall Street demands interst bonds—
Their Khe-dives then chang'd the law,
Nor sound money needed more,
Cheap dollars was all we saw.

With these gold bugs bought their bonds;
Three dollars worth only one—
First green backs and gold so high,
They made money by the ton.

Back and forth between the two,
Between the cheap and the dear,
They flim flamed the people
Out of billions without fear.

Like honest old Thad Stephens,
Let ev'ry man stand up strong,
And beard this gold bug tiger,
And fight down this Wall Street throng.

They have flim flam'd us enough
And it's time to vote them down;
Stand shoulder to shoulder boys
Nor fear the gold tigers frown.

Let him grate and gnash his teeth;
Let him pant and rage and blow;
Let him threaten his dark deeds,
Take it cool boys, take it slow.

There is a great battle on,
Between honesty and wrong,
The grand old flim flam party
Will soon have sung their last song.

The foreigner pays the tax,
Or ev'ry gold bug would bust;
McKinley got that correct,
With a hundred robber trusts.

And the worst trust of them all,
Is the trust on our money,
Robbing all honest labor,
Of all their milk and honey.

Good order in all nations
Depends on ten rules of law,
God's ten holy commandments,
Are the best laws man e'er saw.

In the degree we keep these,
Such is each man's salvation;
In the degree we keep these,
Such is our regeneration.

And intention qualifies
Ev'ry man for good or ill;
If we escape in this world,
In the next we pay the bill.

As we never met before,
Shake boys and how do you doo—
My name is Thaddeus Rowe,
And I live in Kalamazoo.



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